2: Hickinbotham G-4, 5 (ca. 1931-ca. 1957)
1958 MM1 Aden MM1

000 had shot her and not her cow. A judicious gift of hard cash put an abrupt end to the cries and the old creature hustled the unfortunate cow along in front of her with a sharp pointed stick in her haste to get home to her family and display her wealth.

It was on my way back from this quail shoot that a small boy put me very neatly in my place. He was in charge of a string of camels moving down the middle of what passed for a road, each tied by a cord through the nose to the tail of the one in front. I was driving very carefully and I slowed down when I saw the camels so as not to frighten them, but in spite of my care they stampeded and got themselves all mixed up as a • 576 nylon line does when the reel overruns. The boy gave His 123 Excellency the Governor, myself, one very expressive look as he rushed off to sort out the tangle and asked this pertinent or impertinent question—it depends on the point of view:

"Who gave birth to you?"

Rude, but very neat, and I burst out laughing, but not so my guards who were furious and had to be restrained from teaching the young man manners.

136 So much for the small game possibilities of Aden. There were still oryx in the Ruba-al-Khali, in spite of Land-Rovers, gazelle on the plains and ibex in the Wahidi country, but they are very hard to reach and impossible unless one happens to be stationed in the Protectorate and even then access is not easy; the country is wild and so are the people.

000 To the big game enthusiast (and I am no longer one since I sickened of seeing animals' heads on my walls), British Somaliland is only eighteen hours away across the Gulf of Aden by local steamer from Aden. There is game in plenty there, and always the chance, no more, of a lion. The last time I was there was to shoot sand grouse with the Governor, Sir Theodore Pike, in a dry season. We were stationed by the only water for many miles round and the birds came in hundreds to drink. We contented ourselves with taking a few single birds, to shoot at the coveys would have been murder, and then by mutual consent we stopped and watched. I was amazed at what I saw. We were standing within ten yards of the water